

PEAZY IS A...



**BAD COMRADE**

## POEMS

PISSING MYSELF IN ROTHKO CHAPEL/MONEY, LIFE, BALD-HEADED  
WIFE/I AM A MARXIST-LENINIST/TELL 'EM WHY U MAD/THE  
MATERIAL CONDITION MY CONDITION WAS IN/INSIDE U THERE ARE  
TWO TANKIES (COMPANION PEACE)/VISION BOARDING MY QUEST TO  
BECOME A MASSIVE FUCKING HIMBO/SUCK A DICK, SUCK A DICK, SUCK  
A BIG FAT DICK (I AM A VOCAL STIMMER)/SHITTING MYSELF ON MY  
WAY TO THE SHITTER/ANARKIDDIES FUCK OFF/I LIKE BEING  
IGNORANT AS SHIT/UNALIVING MYSELF ON THE ALTAR OF BOUGIE LIB  
SMUG SELF-SATISFACTION/FLAIR UP, RIGHTOID/TROLLING/NICHOLAS  
CAGE IN *BAD LIEUTENANT*/DATING IN THE TIME OF "END STAGE  
CAPITALISM" OR WHATEVER/I AM AN ALCOHOLIC/BAD COMRADE/I DO  
LOVE YOU

**PISSING MYSELF IN ROTHKO CHAPEL/College was not**

**A complete waste**

**Pretty girls**

**Ratioed ugly dudes**

**Something in the water**

**It was booze**

**If I learned**

**Nothing else**

**I learned**

**Sun + spirits**

**Make sickening**

**Bedfellows**

**To stumble thru**

**Undesire-pathed grass**

**Into the dark**

**Limbs “loving me not”**

**Of aesthetically lighted**

**Color fields**

**Cold yet somehow**

**Inviting**

**No wonder**

**Rothko**

**Sliced himself up**

**No wonder**

**He was never**

**Not drunk**

**On hubr-ego**

**Each painting**

**A still-warm body**

**(Dead dead dead but beautiful)**

**I pissed myself**

**Sleeping**

**A two semester long**

**Hobby**

**MONEY, LIFE, BALD-HEADED WIFE/I wish y'all'd  
Stop pretending  
Old Dirty Chinese Restaurant  
Was anything more  
Than a passing fancy  
A bloody, mangled ass  
Human trainwreck  
You could gawk at &  
Genuflect  
To  
To  
Because of one song  
He made MTV news  
I bet you thought it was cute  
To watch a man  
Disintegrate  
In front of you  
For your entertainment  
But now  
It's time to pay  
Loose your raiments  
Of anything of value  
We're waiting  
We're waiting  
Finger guns  
To empty heads  
The bald-headed bitch  
Needs her wig**

**I AM A MARXIST-LENINIST/After a few drinks**

**You might convince me**

**To accept Dick Suckery**

**Or Suck Dickery**

**(MIGHT)**

**I watched a woman**

**Older, a college adjunct**

**I could tell**

**'Cause she probably wears**

**That get-up**

**To all her social-cum-binge**

**Events**

**Bet she calls them "to-dos"**

**Anyways**

**I watched her deliver**

**A slurred oral essay**

**About how "Rethuglicans"**

**Are dumb**

**& that socialism is when**

**The government**

**Does stuff**

**"Like, why are you driving**

**On roads if you hate socialism,**

**Ya dumb bitch"**

**I then said**

**"I like it when she drinks"**

**& they all looked at me like they**

**Didn't know me**

**But they did**

**They knew someone**

**Like me**

**Anyways**

**Anyways,**

**I said, "that's not socialism,**

Tho.”  
& suddenly came the hand waving  
And the vocal objections  
To the right winger in their space  
Except,  
“I’m not a right winger,  
No, not a rightoid at all”  
I’m a dishwasher  
An artist  
A glory hole enthusiast  
(And those aren’t for the tall)  
But Socialism is not the  
Government doing shit  
Anyways  
This whole thing  
Was supposed to be a setup  
For a joke about Dick Sucking  
But I got lazy  
Fuck idealistic  
Utopian libs  
Sniveling ultra-leftys  
& Activist shills

TELL ‘EM WHY U MAD/I always say  
The difference between  
An excuse and a reason  
Is whether or not  
You give a shit  
About who is  
Demanding answers  
(Thus seeking  
Some flavor  
Of absolution)  
The former requires  
A kind of posture of

Penance  
While the latter  
Is fervently  
Matter-of-fact  
Anyways  
All this shit just  
Inspires in me  
A desire to drink

THE MATERIAL CONDITION MY CONDITION WAS IN/I don't know  
If any of y'all noticed  
But giving so much  
Shits  
About copious  
(All consuming) cultural  
Nonsense lacking any  
Bearing on whether or not  
You or your family &  
Comrades can eat  
Is so much pissing  
Against the wind  
You're starving,  
Motherfucker,  
& yet  
You seem so focused  
On having  
The most "legit"  
Opinions  
Honestly,  
Who gives a fuck (?)  
I too,  
Am just waiting for  
Canandaigua Wine Co to  
Incorporate BLM or Pride  
Into their flavor scheme

Somehow  
'Cause then  
I can get ignorantly  
Drunk  
& feel as if  
I'm making a difference  
Potable protest  
Trained Marxist  
Read Lenin (or something)

INSIDE U THERE ARE TWO TANKIES (COMPANION PEACE)/The first one  
Doesn't count  
We all know  
The libs will  
Box u in  
Before the rightoids  
Even know  
Ur name  
Hush and shush  
Be fucking quiet  
Tankie  
Bitch  
Authoritarian  
Snitch  
Something  
Something  
Human rights  
Abercrombie & Fitch  
Corporatism  
or  
Consumerism  
Pride flag (?)  
Who cares  
Ideological purity  
Is what truly



**Pwns the rich**

**VISION BOARDING MY QUEST TO BECOME A MASSIVE FUCKING  
HIMBO/The incels were wrong**

**& always will be**

**'Cause if you think it**

**You can will it**

**Into being**

**(This "secret" is free)**

**Boy, you need a friend**

**Not a fuck meet**

**(Again) you need security**

**Not pussy**

**But if you had it**

**You wouldn't know**

**What to do with it**

**You couldn't pleasure**

**The most sensitive**

**Hedonist**

**But me (?)**

**I'm almost a man**

**Something really close**

**Anyways**

**I made a poster board**

**Collage**

**& drew money**

**& perfect (human) proportions**

**Upon it**

**You: the biggest tits**

**Me: the strongest jaw**

**Six pack**

**The biggest fuck you to**

**Y'all**

**Under my pillow**

**If I'm dreaming it**

I can be it  
I can be it  
I don't discriminate  
I care not about blonde  
Beckys  
& ripped Chads  
I like fat girls  
Amazonian  
Figures at full  
Dark skin  
Lite skin  
Skinny ones  
Short and all  
I'm going to love  
Whoever I'm in

SUCK A DICK, SUCK A DICK, SUCK A BIG FAT DICK (I AM A VOCAL  
STIMMER)/I really want  
To blame this  
On capitalism  
But something is just  
Wrong inside of me  
To think of the dumbest  
Shit  
& to express it  
Loudly & proudly  
Minus the convention  
Of thought  
My baby mama  
Would pat me on the head  
Say "there, there"  
But she's touch averse  
So she judges  
From afar  
Lips projecting

Oddly loving  
Derogations  
Landing as  
Witticisms  
& I'm myself  
Loath to ask  
Is this love (?)  
That I'm feeling (?)

SHITTING MYSELF ON THE WAY TO THE SHITTER/I'm always late  
To every responsibility  
I never asked for  
So it tracks  
That when the  
Involuntary  
Necessity  
Of shitting  
Stirs in my guts  
There too  
I am late  
To the socially acceptable  
Spaces in which  
The act is  
Performed  
& as such  
Shit all over myself  
In a pathetic  
Act of defiance

ANARKIDDIES FUCK OFF/Some of these weirdo  
Fuckin' adventurers  
Dreaming of brick hugs  
& Molotov kisses  
I fuck with them  
For shits & giggles

In their punky little costumes  
I push their buttons  
Their stupid fucking  
Buttons,  
(Sound and Fury shit)  
I put it to them  
That they're more incoherent  
Than they believe they are  
Lifestyle choices  
Are not personalities  
And personalities are  
Insufficient political  
Actors,  
The personal is not  
Political,  
Hierarchies occur  
Naturally  
(It's wild)  
(U gonna tell me u don't  
Compartmentalize &  
Prioritize accordingly the  
Partners in your wack  
Ass lil polycule or  
Whatever?)  
& instead of worrying  
About philosophically  
Disembodying  
Theoretical concepts  
Such as praxis  
Or harm reduction  
Part of the framework  
Of a milquetoast rebellion  
More resembling  
Consumerism  
Than revolution

(They should)  
Stop talking so much  
Read more  
(They must)  
Consider that they  
Exist more confidently  
(Read:) insufferably  
In online spaces  
Because they are  
Inveterate,  
Occasionally terminal  
Anti-socials  
Who bristle at any interaction  
That doesn't suit  
Their entire world view  
Or are else, at least privately,  
(As they are pussies)  
Hostile to  
(Verbal chest puffery,  
Cyberpunkian bluster,  
Emojis, videos of  
Fash punching  
All the antagonism  
A LARPer afraid of their  
Own shadow  
Can muster)  
Any interactive  
Expectation as encroachment  
Mind,  
Body,  
Soul

**I LIKE BEING IGNORANT AS SHIT/I am not a**

**Nice guy**

**I'm a jackass**

**An unrepentant**

**Dipshit**

**An inveterate**

**Alcoholic**

**& honestly**

**I'm not proud**

**Cries for help**

**However**

**Tend to remain**

**Unanswered**

**Going back**

**To the third line**

**Which I don't like**

**Don't tell me**

**What not to do**

**Tell me**

**What you want**

**I like being**

**Ignorant as shit**

**I like it**

**Love it**

**Not one bit**

**Lots of bites**

**From one**

**Insect**

**Or another**

**But none**

**From a**

**Trusted lover**

UNALIVING MYSELF ON THE ALTAR OF BOUGIE LIB SMUG  
SELF-SATISFACTION/Bitch

Who u canceling

Now (?)

Who u canceling

Now (?)

I mix

Barbiturates

w/

Booze (lol, mayhaps)

To forget my

Name

U always

Got wrong

It's patrick

Not pat

Mom is pat

Dad is pat

I'm me

Fuck u

Fuck u

Hypocrite

I can't

Keep track

Of all those

U wish to

Lose

In the haze

Of having the

"Correct"

Opinions

Righteous anger

At systems & institutions

Energy devoid

Of action

Wasted  
Drunk  
On signaling  
That which  
Requires  
Something  
More  
Unatomized  
Collectivized  
With some  
Historical  
Fucking  
Perspective  
Yet u say  
There's nothing  
To prove &  
Nothing owed  
Fuck me  
& fuck the  
Clique that I  
Claim  
Or something  
(A rose by any other  
Name)  
But it's just me  
patrick  
Not pat  
Not pat  
I'm feeling  
Violent  
Please believe  
That



FLAIR UP, RIGHTOID/Dear fucker

I know you

Despite not knowing

You at all

& I wanted to say

Something off rip

About

Having your

Cake

& eating it too

(Well no shit!)

But I knew

Nothing could get

Through to you

& I wanted to read

Fast as I could

& still be intelligible

Why I did

Was anyone's guess

To the dumbest ideas

A subscription

To the shittiest

Suggestions

A resounding

Yes

Perhaps you truly

Believe it noble

To uphold the

Individual

Over the collective

But I've seen your

"Work"

For you & only you

& those like you  
(No shit)  
It's always an elective

TROLLING/Dear fucker (cont.)

Your bizarro lamentations

Have fallen not

Upon unhearing ears

But aren't you

Confused (?)

The tradlife you

So espouse

Is nigh on fucking

Impossible

With these wages

In this economy

Cigarettes are anywhere

From 10-20\$ a pack

Depending on where

One chain smokes them

& don't get me started

On booze

Seriously

Don't make me drink

I'll only

Curse

Your competing masters

Money & the LORD

GOD

Oh god

Oh god

Oh god

Oh god

She'll half-heartedly

Sarcastically moan

(Like a grumble,  
Kinda)  
I'm totally not going  
To come  
In fact I may leave  
(Lack of cash flow  
Being the root of all  
Fucklessness)  
Mourning the  
Children  
Unconceived  
I'm starting to think  
You not-so-secretly  
Enjoy this  
The proletarian rabble  
Unable to make  
Sex of their  
Incoherent babble  
Passing for courtship  
Too tired  
Long hours  
Exploited by useless  
Fuckwits  
& still  
You lament

NICHOLAS CAGE IN *BAD LIEUTENANT*/The hand-cannon  
As extension  
Of one's dick  
Would be  
A neat little  
Party trick  
If everyone  
Didn't already  
Suspect

A dearth of girth  
Between the thighs  
I want to be  
So strung out  
I feel nothing  
Especially not  
Alive

DATING IN THE TIME OF “END STAGE” CAPITALISM OR WHATEVER/This  
girl  
Brought a flask  
To spike her coffee  
She was “Caribbeaning”  
It up  
She claimed  
Extending  
Offering the  
Libational vessel  
With a devilish  
Grin  
An extension  
Of a rightoid’s  
Wet dream  
Of women  
Ever bound  
To the ignominy of  
Original sin  
Get her to a  
Nunnery (!)  
They scream  
No  
They argue  
(Amongst themselves)  
She is not a she  
She is a he

Yes  
Well  
Actually  
She was  
A he  
& now  
All the kids  
Are confused  
A man in a woman's  
Space is quite  
Unseemly  
We hate men  
At least the ones  
Who don't want to be men  
Anyways  
We don't wanna  
Hear this shit  
About you  
Not having money  
For a family  
No one told you  
To be poor  
Get a better job  
Fight the culture war  
(Not the economic one)  
Also  
Make sure you tip  
Your landlord  
So yeah  
I love the taste  
Of Haitian rum  
I ditched the coffee  
Hours ago

**I AM AN ALCOHOLIC/In**

**Before some**

**Teetotaler**

**With an ascetic**

**Aesthetic**

**Beats me to it**

**All judgey & shit**

**& they don't even**

**Believe in god**

**(LMAO)**

**Secularized**

**Puritanism**

**Gussied up**

**In progressivism**

**They say**

**"Your problem**

**Has become**

**My problem"**

**& that is**

**Problematic**

**I assure you**

**I don't drink**

**Necessarily**

**Because**

**cAp1t4L1sM**

**But it's a factor**

**I don't drink**

**Because**

**I'm bored**

**But it's a factor**

**Self-medicative**

**It's the coping**

**Self-soothing**

**I am after**

**The personal**

Is not political  
But the political  
Can be personal  
If you're  
Depressingly sober  
Enough  
To check the books  
& sometimes  
They don't even  
Hide the fact  
They are fucking you  
Kissless  
Either way  
I am an alcoholic  
Hardly true  
(That)  
What I say  
Can be trusted

I DO LOVE YOU/I'm saying  
Nothing  
You've not  
Heard before  
I do love you  
It's not just  
An anachronism  
Several score  
Old  
Old like me  
Old  
Like the stories  
Passed from the lips  
Of elders  
To the wet ass ears  
Of ever-aging youth

Remember (?)  
When an hour  
Used to feel  
Like an eternity (?)  
& those rollie pollies (sp?)  
Seemed so  
Interesting  
& now all you  
Wish is that  
You could be them  
To ball yourself up  
Protected from  
All the bullshit  
Because you're too  
Broke  
To drink yourself  
Into a stupor  
& recite tonterías  
You'll apologize for  
Sober  
Even though you  
Know  
You'd do it all again  
Given the coin  
I do love you  
It's just that  
I need to  
Love myself too  
Tall order  
I know  
But like, that's  
The thing  
(Isn't it?)  
Looking inward  
Is sure to reveal



Some demons  
Or else  
Shadow folks  
Long murdered  
Ghosts  
Fuck  
An asshole  
Who loves you  
The most  
& it reminds me  
What if the  
Outside is worse (?)  
Assholes  
Perpetually  
Loving the least  
Partners  
Who become  
Ersatz therapists  
Abusive pop-culturalists  
Devoid of  
Material analysis  
Your individualness (not ism)  
Is sick  
You share freckled  
Fair flesh  
With a raging narcissist  
I shudder to picture  
What your liver  
Looks like  
I won't even comment  
On your lungs  
Killing yourself  
When others  
Have it worse  
How dare you (?)

Sir  
Are you even  
Listening (?)  
Nah,  
I'm not  
I'm just doing  
The math  
In my head  
As to how  
I will afford  
All my vices  
Until the next  
Check  
But I do love you  
It's just  
I love myself less  
I'm trying  
To remember  
The time  
You asked  
If I thought you  
A whore  
& how I said no  
I walked home  
& thought of all  
My pasts  
A city full of conversations  
Had with myself



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